

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 259.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

Kett's Castle, Norwich.



PERHAPS the most remarkable event in the history of that very ancient city, Norwich, was the rebellion of 1549, in the reign of King Edward VI. It was occasioned by the enclosure of abbey lands, commons, and other waste grounds, whereby the poor were deprived of the accustomed pasturage of their cattle, and consequently greatly distressed. The leader of the populace in this great rebellion was one Kett, (Robert,) a tanner, of Windham, who, it seems, was chosen by them as their captain, from his boldness in avenging a private injury done him by a Master Flowerdew, of Hethersett. William Kett, his brother, a butcher in the same town with Robert, joined him, as did also a great number of the worst description of the lower orders of people. They proceeded to Norwich, committing great ravages in all the villages through which they passed, were joined by many malcontents from the city, and encamped on Moushold-hill and heath, just overlooking it on the east. Part of this domain was called St. Leonard's-hill, from a priory which had formerly stood there, upon the site of which

the earl of Surrey built a stately palace, and termed it Mount Surrey; of this, and of St. Michael's Chapel, (ever since called Kett's Castle,) the rebel and his followers took possession, destroying every thing they found therein, and converting the palace into a prison. These rebels styled themselves the king's *friends* and deputies, and Robert Kett presided at a mock court of justice, held under a tree, termed the *oak of reformation*, of which there is not only no vestige left, but even not a tradition as to the place where it stood. Here they had *divine service* morning and evening, having obliged the Rev. Thomas Coniers, minister of St. Martin's-on-the-Plain, to become their chaplain. Their numbers increased to 16,000; and as they were very desperate men, had a most commanding station, their camp strongly fortified, and needed neither ammunition nor food, they did great injury with their cannon to the city below them, and many times entered it, and made vast havoc and bloodshed. The king sent the marquis of Northampton with a strong force to the relief of the citizens; but the night after their arrival,

the rebels assaulted and entered the city, but retreated, having lost 300 men. Next day, being the first of August, a dreadful battle ensued on St. Martin's Plain; the slaughter was great on both sides, lord Sheffield was killed with a club, the traitors broke into the city every way, obliged the marquis and his forces to retire, and firing the town, (which, but for a providential heavy fall of rain, would have been burnt to the ground,) took the opportunity of plundering its unhappy inhabitants of their most valuable possessions. The king soon after despatched John Dudley, earl of Warwick, to Norwich, which being now in the hands of Kett, he refused coming to any terms, rejected the offer of pardon, and obliged the earl to storm the city, when the rebels were at length obliged to flee, leaving 130 dead on the spot. The next day hostilities recommenced, when the ruffians fired the houses in many places, and much property and two parishes were destroyed. The day after, (August 26th,) Warwick received a reinforcement of 1,400 Switzers, which much alarmed the rebels, who, however, endeavoured to keep up their courage by such *equivocating* prophecies as these:—

"The country gneffes, Heb, Dick, and Hick,
With clubs and clowted shoon,
Shall fill the vale
Of Dussin's dale
With slaughtered bodies soon."

And,

"The heedless men within the dale,
Shall there be slain, both great and smale."

Not having an idea that these dog-rhymes might apply as equally to themselves as to those they fought against. Owing to the prudence of Warwick and Captain Drury, a signal defeat overtook the traitors, of whom 3,500 were killed, and a great number wounded. To another intrenched party of rebels, who seemed determined to hold out to the last, the king's pardon was offered, and, after being read to, was accepted by them. The next day Kett was seized, who, with his brother and nine other ringleaders, being found guilty (before a special assize held at the castle before the earl and other magistrates) of high treason and rebellion, were thus punished:—The two Kettts were sent to the Tower; "the other nine were carried to the oak of reformation, upon which they were hanged up, presently cut down again, their bowels pulled out and burned before their faces, their bodies beheaded and quartered, and their heads and quarters set upon poles, on the tops of towers and gates, as a terror to others. Thirty were executed in like manner at

the gallows without Magdalen-gate, forty at the gallows in the market-place, and many in other places; so that in the whole three hundred suffered death." Thus ended this terrible rebellion, and such was the fate of these misguided men. As to Robert and William Kett, their trial came on in London for high-treason and rebellion, the 29th of the following November, and being found guilty, the former was drawn up from the foot of Norwich Castle to a gibbet erected on the top, and there left hanging alive till he died of hunger, and his body, when decayed, fell down; and a similar punishment was inflicted upon William, the place of whose suspension was the steeple of Wymondham church, his own town and place of residence being Wymondham. This rebellion lasted from the 7th of July, A.D. 1549, to the following 26th of August; and along with Devonshire and Cornish rebellions, existing nearly at the same time, cost King Edward 27,330*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The engraving represents the only remaining wall of Kett's Castle, upon Moushold-heath, as seen from a neighbouring hill, St. James's. St. Michael's chapel was founded by Bishop Herbert, in the place of one bearing the same name upon Tombland, which he pulled down, and probably was not more than fifteen yards long and six wide: a little to the south of it, on an opposite hill, stood the church and priory of St. Leonard, founded by the same prelate before he built the cathedral. All that now remains of the earl of Surrey's palace is an old piece of stone wall, in which is an arch, and near it a small farmhouse, the site of the original buildings being ploughed over. A short time since, an ancient well was discovered thereabouts, and from it was brought up a boatswain's whistle of solid gold. M. L. B.

HOPE.

(For the Mirror.)

MARK happy childhood's cherub smile,
And eye with pleasure dancing,
'Tis Hope that prompts the merry wile
Each promise'd joy enhancing.

Enchanting Hope! thy warmest glow
Gilds youth's delightful season;
Bids the gay future joys bestow,
And lulls the voice of reason.

Waft thy gay pinions toward the skies
And point thy fairy finger
To where our every thought should rise,
While yet on earth we linger.

That smile will ne'er delusive prove
With heavenly radiance beaming—
But fix our wand'ring thoughts above,
And realize our dreaming. A. R.

POWER AND INFLUENCE OF ORATORS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Greek and Roman orators, who sometimes had occasion to deliver long orations, and all from memory, took pains to fix in their minds a series of objects or places naturally connected, such as the contiguous houses in a street, or the contiguous apartments in a house. By long habit, these places were so arranged in the mind, that when the first place occurred to them, it introduced the idea of the second, and the second the third, and so forward; even as when the first letter of the alphabet, or the beginning of a wellknown tune, suggest the subsequent letters and notes in the proper order. Then the orator connected the first head of his discourse with the first of these places, the second with the second, &c., by thinking of both at the same time. And thus they were enabled to recollect without confusion, all the parts of the longest discourse. This was called artificial memory. Cicero and Quintilian both speak of it, but it seems indeed to have been a laborious way of improving memory, as Quintilian himself acknowledges. In allusion to it, we still call the parts of a discourse *places* or *topics*, and say, in the first place, in the second place, &c.

The surprising and almost incredible power of action has been known at all times. Cicero tells us, "that it does not so much matter what an orator says, as how he says it." Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, is no less explicit in setting forth its vast influence on mankind:—

With those who laugh, our social joy appears:
With those who mourn, we sympathize in tears,
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows: feel your pain.

Plutarch says, "that the least gesture, the least nod, or token of a man held in public estimation, will be more regarded than the elaborate orations of those of no character." Instances of this truth are not wanting; it is fully exemplified in almost every meeting or assembly of men, where there are some who command the attention of the rest, whenever they please to open their mouths, whilst others may talk themselves hoarse without any notice taken of them. Hence it may be inferred arose the common phrase of being *well* or *ill* heard; the consequence whereof must be sensibly felt by every person who speaks in company, much more in a public assembly. The capacity or ability in public speaking, creates an opinion of power and virtue; the words

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and actions of the person thus esteemed, receive the most favourable impression, and this opinion when it becomes general of any man, constitutes what we call popularity, which whoever hath attained, may with great facility procure anything which it is in the power of the people to confer on him, may persuade them to, or dissuade them from any purposes. Whatever he affirms, they will believe; whatever he affects they will hope; whatever he commands, they will execute. In this light, Virgil introduces a man of authority pacifying a tumult, one of the finest pictures in the whole *Æneid*.

As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are
loud:

And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

DRYDEN.

Again, we read in Machiavel, that when the Florentines in a violent commotion had slain Poggolantonio Soderini, and ran in a tumult to his house with intention to plunder it, his brother, Francisco, bishop of Volterra, who was accidentally there, marching out into the crowd in his episcopal robes, by the majesty of his person, and the dignity of his behaviour, restrained them from further outrage, and prevailed with them to return peaceably home. And in another place, the same author observes, that Hannibal could have kept so vast an army of different nations in such exact discipline, and free from mutiny and desertion, by his great reputation and authority only.

F. R. Y.

THE LADY'S SONG FOR HER LOVER.

(For the Mirror.)

"Thy memory abides in my heart, as 'a apple of gold in a picture of silver.'"—ANON.

Those darkling locks, that grac'd a brow
Pure as the orange-flower's snow,
Are laid in dust. I weep.

Those eyes, whose radiancy was heav'n,
Whose loving light to me was giv'n,
Are clos'd in dreamless sleep!

Dearest! methinks I almost see
Their long, deep, languid gaze on me,
Still fondly turn'd; thy check

Is lighted yet;—a living smile
Too sweet, doth linger there awhile;
My brother, speak—oh, speak.

Alas! that voice is hush'd, whose tone
Made my rapt spirit all thine own;

And from thine angel breast
The generous soul hath sped; that frame
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Dearest! methinks I almost see
Their long, deep, languid gaze on me,
Still fondly turn'd; thy cheek

Is lighted yet;—a living smile
Too sweet, doth linger there awhile:
My brother, speak—oh, speak.

Alas! that voice is hush'd, whose tone
Made my rapt spirit all thine own;

And from thine angel breast
The generous soul hath sped; that frame
Where neither sin nor sorrow came,
Is stretch'd in endless rest!

How glorious, how sweet, wert thou
Brother!—I dare not dream on now
In my wild agony.

I ever deem'd thou wert not made
All light and beauty, that the shade
Of earth, should darken thee.

I ever deem'd thou wert above
This world; I felt, an angel love
Thou shone, to my young breast.
Poor youth, thou priz'd, thou toll'd for me,
Dreaming thy guerdon I should be,
But thou didst pass to rest;
Thy sweetness, loveliness, and truth,
Thy cultur'd soul, thy sinless youth,
Had plended all for thee;
So thou, at once from pain and care
Wert call'd by pitying Heav'n, to share
Its Immortality.

But oh! to dream I cannot brook
On each dear word of thine,—each look
Once madly eloquent;
I dare not seek each treasure'd token
Of sweetest love, or straight were broken,
A heart too nearly rent.
Oh! *cherish'd*,—e'en in death!—to me.
As thou hast been, none e'er may be!
And I would rather crave
To share, than wed, (since this wrung heart
May never more in *love* take part,)
My Brother's early grave.

Yes, my young Brother!—yes!—to lie
Where thou art laid,—to sleep,—to die
Since thou hast died,—were sweet;
And soon life's shadowy joys,—its woes,
Too darkly true, with me will close,
And we again *shall* meet:
Not as we've met on earth, 'mid fears
And griefs, and darknesses, and tears;
To part for months; to roam
Disconsolate asunder.—No!
But in the peace and cloudless glow
Of thine own spirit home.

Therefore, I speak not of regret
That thou art gone: of ills that yet
Must ice my harrow'd heart:
I love thee still! and if I weep,
It is that in thy hallow'd sleep
I bear not *now* a part.
O Brother! Brother! shouldst thou know
In tearless lands, the bitter woe
Thy loss hath brought to me,
Then come: and on thine angel wings
Bear one, whose spirit upward springs
To Immortality.

M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO LADY LEICESTER
(ONE OF HER MAIDS OF HONOUR)
ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

MY owne crowe * harme not thieselfe for
bootles helpe but shew a good example
to comfort your dolorous yoke fellowe.

* Crowe, a term of familiarity used by the
Queen to this lady, whose father suffered with
Queen Anna Bolyn.

Although we have deferred longer to
represent to you our grieved thoughts,
because we liked full ill to yelde you the
first reflection of misfortunes whom we
have alwaies rather thought to cherish
and comforte; yet knowinge now neces-
sitie must bringe it to your eares and
nature consequentlie must move both
griefe and passion in your harte; we
have resolved no longer to smother either
ouer care for your sorrowe, or sympathie
of ouer griefe for his losse, wherein if it
be true that societie, in sorrowe, workes
dimynution, we do assure you, by this
true messenger of ouer mynde, that nature
can have stirred noe more dolorous affec-
tion in you (as a mother for a deare sonne)
than gratefulness and memorie of his ser-
vices past hath wrought in us his sove-
raigne, apprehension of our misse of so
worthie a servante, but now that nature's
common worke is done, and he that was
borne to die hath paide his tribute, let
that Christian discretion steil the flux of
your immoderate greefinge which hath
instructed you both bie example and
knowledge, that nothing of this kind hath
happened but bie Godes divine provi-
dence, and let these lines from your love-
ing and gracious soveraigne serve to as-
sure youe, that there shalle ever appeare
the livelie characters of our estimacion of
him, that was in ouer gracious care of
youe, and you that are lefte in valuing
rightelie all theire faithful and honest
endeavours; more at this time we will not
write of this unpleasant subjecte, but
have dispatched this gentleman to visite
both youer lord and you, to condole with
you in the true sence of youer losse, and
praise you, that the world maie see that
what tyme cureth in weak myndes, that
discretion and moderatyon helpeth in
yours, in this accident where there is so
just cause to demonstrate true patience
and moderatyon.

Geoven at our Manor of Richmond
the 22nd of September, in the 39 year
of our reigne, 1597.

T. W. C.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXXIX.

THE GEOLOGIST AND ANTI-
QUARIAN.

(For the Mirror.)

MY friend, Dr. Gregory Grabworm,
F.R.S. Member of the Royal Academy
of Sciences at Paris and Prussia, Fellow
of the Antiquarian Society of London,
and the Lord knows how many other so-
cieties, has, after a great many years of

anxious study, made several grand discoveries in the arts, which he is convinced will greatly benefit mankind. As, however, the doctor is extremely shy of disclosing these arcana during his life, (though he faithfully promises to leave all his papers for publication after his decease,) the reader will probably not feel displeased to have an account of his recent invention for discovering gold and silver buried in the earth. Of this invaluable secret I should, perhaps, never have been informed, but accidentally calling upon my friend the other day, I found him warmly engaged in a dispute with Professor Mouldy, Member of the Geological Society of Amsterdam. To give the reader the whole of the arguments employed by these learned antagonists would be more diffuse than delectable; suffice it therefore to confine ourselves to the main point, the *new invention*; and in order not to lessen the value of this notable plan, I shall give it as nearly in the very words of the doctor as my memory will permit.

To convince you, brother Mouldy, that your theories upon the nature of soils, &c. are extremely fallacious, (although contrary to my general system of never, during my life, divulging any of my inestimable plans, of which, however, at my death I shall bequeath a written legacy to mankind.) I will now give you my invention of the diving-rod for tracing out the precious metals hidden under ground, and it is the more valuable for its extreme simplicity. Procure two hard twigs, of the same year's growth, and from the same branch; to the one, at the end, affix a piece of gold, to the other, a piece of silver; carry your rods exactly level in your hand, one yard above the surface of the ground, and whenever you come where there is gold, that rod so tipped is attracted, and adheres to the earth; if there be silver, the other end is similarly attracted. You have then only to dig out the treasure; and whenever you want money, search diligently by the rod, and get as much as you can find. Thus, sir, I have proved your theories utterly inadequate to such a grand invention, and I will now show you how serviceable I have made geological and antiquarian skill when combined.

"My first experiment was made at Windsor Forest, where it is supposed the Romans anciently had a camp. Well, sir, in less than ten minutes my silver-tipped twig pointed to the ground, and (taking it from the mantle-piece) I dug up this silver horse-shoe, an invaluable relic of antiquity, which I can prove belonged to *Cæsar's own horse*, for the

three following reasons:—1st, It is the shoe of a *horse*, and not of a *mare*, because it is longer and broader than mare's shoes were allowed by the Roman law. 2nd, It is the shoe of a Roman horse, because you can just see the tip of the eagle's wing (which bird formed their standard) near the left corner. No doubt the whole eagle was originally there, though now defaced by time and rust. Take this microscope and convince yourself. 3rd, That it was *Cæsar's own horse*, is evident from the number of holes for the nails; the plebeians and common soldiers were allowed only *seven* nails in each shoe; the patricians, senators, and officers were indulged with *eight*; but as here are no less than *nine* perfect holes, we may assume it was certainly the shoe of the commander-in-chief's horse."

Thus far Dr. Grubworm, geology, and logic; and if my readers have not by this time dropped off one by one, I can only thank them for their kind patience, and promise them in return as true an account of the forthcoming argument between my friend and another learned professor (which is expected to take place next month) as I can possibly collect.

JACOBUS.

The Topographer.

No. XXIII.

WHITTINGTON'S STONE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The legend of Whittington and his cat is, I imagine, pretty universally known. It is there stated (I write only from memory) that the hero of the story, flying from the persecutions of the domineering cook maid, had proceeded as far as Highgate on his way homeward, when being fatigued he sat down upon a stone by the roadside, and whilst pondering over the many events and circumstances that had occurred to him from his earliest remembrance to that moment, he was aroused from his reverie by the cheering sound of Bow bells, which to his fanciful mind seemed to say,

"Turn again, turn again Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

How far the tradition may be consonant with truth I do not pretend to affirm, but it is an unquestionable fact that a Richard Whittington was "thrice Lord Mayor of London."

A stone has been placed on the spot where it is said he heard those sounds which induced him to return and put up with the threats and blows of his tormentor.

tor; indulging in the pleasing idea of one day realizing that state of pomp and greatness Bow bells had taught him to anticipate.

Those who are accustomed to extend their peregrinations to that neighbourhood, as well as those who are located near the spot, are probably well acquainted with it; but as many of your numerous readers are, doubtless, uninformed of the existence of such a monument, I trust this notice will not prove unacceptable. It stands on the west side of the road, leading from Holloway to Highgate, about half-way up the hill; but by whom this memorial has been erected I have not been able to learn. The western face of the stone bears the following inscription:—

Sir Richard Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of
London.

1397 Reign of Richard II.

1406 Henry IV.

1419 Henry V.

Sheriff in 1393.

The eastern face has a similar one, with this addition:—

Whittington's
Stone,
1821.

The north and south sides have the initials of the parish in which the stone stands.

St.
M. J.
1821.

A very neat range of white-fronted buildings, in the Gothic style, have lately been erected near the place, called "Whittington Alms' Houses."

PASCHE.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

STORM IN THE DESERT.

Suez, Feb. 23, 1814.

AFTER having travelled all the morning in the bed of the ancient canal that formerly connected the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, but without being able to discover a vestige of any thing like masonry, or indication of the sluices by which its waters were said to have been regulated, we had lost, at noon, all traces of its course, though we continued our direction still northerly, inclining two or three points to the west, until we gained the site of the Bitter Lakes, as they were called by the ancients, and named the Salt Marshes in more modern maps. We

traversed it in every direction, however, for a diameter of ten miles, having fleet trotting dromedaries beneath us, without finding the least portion of water, although it had evidently been the receptacle of an extensive lake, and was at this moment below the level of the sea at Suez. The soil here differs from all around it.

On leaving the last traces of the canal, we had entered upon a loose shifting sand; here we found a firm clay mixed with gravel, and perfectly dry, its surface encrusted over with a strong salt. On leaving the site of these now evaporated lakes, we entered upon a loose and shifting sand again, like that which Pliny describes when speaking of the roads from Pelusium, across the sands of the Desert; in which, he says, unless there be reeds stuck in the ground to point out the line of direction, the way could not be found, because the wind blows up the sand, and covers the footsteps.

The morning was delightful on our setting out, and promised us a fine day; but the light airs from the south soon increased to a gale, the sun became obscure, and as every hour brought us into a looser sand, it flew around us in such whirlwinds, with the sudden gusts that blew, that it was impossible to proceed. We halted, therefore, for an hour, and took shelter under the lee of our beasts, who were themselves so terrified as to need fastening by the knees, and uttered in their wallings but a melancholy symphony.

I know not whether it was the novelty of the situation that gave it additional horrors, or whether the habit of magnifying evils to which we are unaccustomed, had increased its effect, but certain it is, that fifty gales of wind at sea appeared to me more easy to be encountered than one amongst those sands. It is impossible to imagine desolation more complete; we could see neither sun, earth, nor sky; the plain at ten paces was absolutely imperceptible; our beasts, as well as ourselves, were so covered as to render breathing difficult; they hid their faces in the ground, and we could only uncover our own for a moment, to behold this chaos of midday darkness, and wait impatiently for its abatement. Alexander's journey to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the destruction of the Persian armies of Cambyses in the Lybian Desert, rose to my recollection with new impressions, made by the horror of the scene before me; while Addison's admirable lines, which I also remembered with peculiar force on this occasion, seemed to possess as much truth as beauty:—

Lo! where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend.

Which through the air in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise;
And, smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

The few hours we remained in this situation were passed in unbroken silence; every one was occupied with his own reflections, as if the reign of terror forbade communication. Its fury spent itself, like the storms of ocean, in sudden lulls and squalls; but it was not until the third or fourth interval that our fears were sufficiently conquered to address each other; nor shall I soon lose the recollection of the impressive manner in which that was done. "Allah kereem!" exclaimed the poor Bedouin, although habit had familiarized him with these resistless blasts. "Allah kereem!" repeated the Egyptians, with terrified sublimity; and both my servant and myself, as if by instinct, joined in the general exclamation. The bold imagery of the Eastern poets, describing the Deity as avenging in his anger, and terrible in his wrath, riding upon the wings of the wind, and breathing his fury in the storm, must have been inspired by scenes like these.

It was now past sunset, and neither of us had yet broken our fast for the day; even the consoling pipe could not be lighted in the hurricane; and it was in vain to think of remaining in our present station, while the hope of finding some bush for shelter remained. We remounted, therefore, and departed; the young moon afforded us only a faint light, and all traces of the common road were completely obliterated; the stars were not even visible through so disturbed an atmosphere, and my compass was our only guide. The Arabs knew a spot near Sheikh Amidid, where banks and trees were to be found; and confiding in my direction for the course thither, we resumed our journey.

After a silent ride of five tedious hours this garden of repose appeared in sight; and bleak and barren as it was, in truth, fatigue and apprehension gave it the charms of Eden. There we alighted, fed our weary animals, and, like sailors escaped from shipwreck, regaled in that delightful consciousness of security, which is known only in the safety that succeeds to danger. — *Extracted from the original MS. Journal of Mr. Buckingham. — London Weekly Review.*

RURAL PLEASURES.

ONCE a year I am compelled, for my sins, to make a dirty visit to some relations in the country; and never did "a

double letter from Northamptonshire" excite a deeper and more awful sensation than the arrival of this wellknown invitation produces in my bosom, recurring, as it does, with the punctuality of a tailor's bill at Christmas. Imagine, my dear reader, imagine the mere horror of leaving town; the dreary hoarseness of the mail horn, the melancholy announcement that "all's right," the pattering of the rain against the windows, with that sinking of the heart which follows the disappearance of the last gaslight!

There is something quite awful in that most typical leave-taking with cheerfulness and civilization; and if it were not that I sleep in a coach like a top, I verily believe that I should have often got out at Barnet, or, at all events, should not have made up my mind to encounter the Downs of Dunstable. When first I embarked on one of these expeditions, I was as ignorant as any other native of the *ban lieu* of Bow bell. Every thing at starting was a source of delight: every duck-pond was a lake, and all the little cabbage-gardens of the hedge alehouses where we stopped to water the horses, were as many paradises. The hens and chickens, and pigs, were all matters of endless amusement, and the cock turkey employed my imagination during a whole morning, by his striking resemblance to a lord mayor. Picking my own gooseberries was enchanting, till my fingers, covered with scratches and dripping with blood, reminded me of the superior comfort of buying them out of a pint pewter pot. Catching my own fish was delightful till the fish refused to take the hook, and my own nose did not; and above all things, doing nothing from morning till night but walk about, was pleasurable, until I discovered that my walks were without an object. This discovery was not long in making; I soon found out that nothing more closely resembles one green field than another; that rivers are all twin brothers; and that mountains possess the most astonishing family likeness; that inanimate objects, however beautiful, like a French lady's husband, "*ne savent pas remplir l'ame*;" and that the country bumpkins are at once less beautiful, and not more interesting. The first thing that convinced me that I was not singular in this disgust, but that the country really affords but a miserable sort of existence, was the frequency of the meals, and the anxiety with which the hour of their arrival is anticipated. Eating in the country is the business of every one in the house, and "is dinner almost ready?" is a question repeated in as many different keys as was Sterne's

never-to-be-forgotten "Alas ! poor Yorick." If it were not for luncheon, more especially, time itself would be lost in eternity. Why else do the ladies tire down their four stout coach-horses, in daily visits to their neighbours, which have no other discoverable motive but the cold meat and remainder of yesterday's bottle of sherry. Then, by the by, when the hour of eating does come, how inferior is the best-supplied country table, to that which is furnished from Leaden-hall market ! Your fish,—but don't mention that. If you live on the coast, you have the pleasure of seeing delicious turbot and mackerel with the hues of the rainbow, packed up at your very door and sent to town ; and if your residence be inland, you may indulge in the luxuries of muddy tench and eels, with now and then, for a change, a stale lobster or a stinking barrel of oysters, per coach from London. Then what are the best desserts and ices, which the country affords, to those of Gunter ? or the best country inn to the London tavern ? And it is notorious that a real cook will not live permanently out of town, if you would give him the pay of a lieutenant-general. The country, we are told, is the place for contemplative minds, for sentimentalists, and those to whom their own ideas are a sufficient world, and who find in the presence of nature themes for endless reflection, and ever new delight. The man who candidly admits his preference for a sea-coal fire, and the society of cultivated companions, is reproached as a shallow-pated blockhead, who cannot bear to be alone, nor exist without a ball or a play. You may tell this to the marines, if you will, but I know full well that there never was a proposition more unfounded. In the first place, the country stands convicted of irretrievable dulness from the mere fact that every one hurries to London during the finest months of the year, when an out-of-door life is alone enjoyable, and when nature offers in her fondest prodigality, sights, sounds, and odours to delight the senses, and intoxicate the imagination. Then it is, if ever, that the country possesses an especial charm. Yet ask the warmest devotee of rural life, which is the pleasantest time of the year, and he will tell you the shooting and hunting season. So then the truth comes out at last that the contemplative man, the sentimentalist, the communer with the Deity rendered visible in his works, leaves the *fade* amusements of the town, to employ his superior intellect, his awfully solemn emotions, in worrying hares, foundering horses, and bringing murder and carnage to the haunts of the

partridge ; that animal of all others claiming our tenderest sympathies, as the most closely shadowing forth in its habits, domestic affection and human society. Without these innocent amusements, the country gentleman is a man of *ennui*, and all the charms of summer "as tedious as a twice-told tale." Surely it is no arrogance to say that the man whose soul is filled and saturated with field sports, is a man "of very little soul indeed," and in the scale of beings not much more elevated than his own pointers. Oh ! but then you forget husbandry, gardening, natural history, study, and a thousand other agreeable pastimes of a country life :—not in the least. Husbandry (of course not meaning the trade of agriculture, but gentlemen farming, as it is called) is one of the idlest of all men's methods of killing time. If practised for gain, it is a sordid and unworthy occupation of a gentleman's hours, defiling the mind as it does the person, and degrading him to the level of a plough-boy. If practised at a loss, and as a mere pastime, it is a shameful waste of the powers of the soil, in a country which does not produce sufficient food for its own population. The notion of gentlemen's agriculture being beneficial to the community in the way of experiment, is altogether a sham plea. The real farmer, who lives by his labour, alone makes useful experiments, because he alone undertakes them at a heavy personal risk. Gentleman-farming is the refuge of those who can neither think nor read : and who prefer doing mischief, and injuring their property, to enduring the load of an existence which they know not how to enjoy. As for gardening, there is something, I grant, in that. Of all the modes of passing the heavy hours of a country life, gardening is certainly the most interesting and agreeable. Yet the story of our first parents exemplifies how little it is to be depended upon as a resource against *ennui*. Adam had never been introduced at Crockford's, nor Eve admitted at Almack's ; yet amidst all this ignorance of life, they fell, notwithstanding that they cultivated the finest garden of which history makes mention. Besides, the florist may have, if he chose, a hundred times more pleasure in London, than can be obtained in the country. The productions of every clime are there laid at his feet, collected within the small space of a nursery ground ; and there is scarcely a hundred square yards in the suburbs of the metropolis, without its specimens of rarities, any one of which the rich country gardener might be proud to possess. Then as the labour and difficulty

of rearing a plant to a healthy maturity, are far greater in the smoke of London, there is proportionably a greater excitement in the process; and a few hyacinths in glasses over a metropolitan chimney-piece, may be pitted against the finest bed of carnations that the country ever produced. Natural history, again, as it is generally pursued, what is it but a most pompous inanity; a substitution of sounds of ideas, of nomenclature for knowledge? With the exception of a very few men of real science, almost uniformly inhabiting great cities, your observers of the loves of the cockchafers, the Paul Prys into the mysteries of the cryptogamic hymen, are for the most part the heaviest mortals that breathe. Aye, but what say you to books? Why, truly, I say that you may read books in the country as well as in town,—if you can get them to read; but even when that is the case, I do not see why a man should be obliged to go into banishment for the sake of reading, while he may do it with much less abstraction in a two-pair of stairs back lodging in Lincoln's-inn or the Temple.

There is one conclusive answer to all the preceding argument of the intellectuality of a close intercourse with Nature. Pray, sir, did you ever pass an evening with a knot of mere country gentlemen? because, if not, I have; and I promise you, a greater set of bores "my conversation never coped withal." Their talk is ever of bullocks, and dogs, of grand-jury jobs, of poachers, of impossible Munchausen leaps, and shots by rural parsons and squires, of election squabbles, and of all the personalities, births, deaths, and marriages, disputes for precedence, and warnings off preserves, for ten miles round. A stranger who drops into such a company, is as completely thrown out of all conversation or understanding, as a New Zealander at a lecture on the atomic theory, or a man of sense at the readings of the Royal Literary Society. How wearisome existence really is, to these unfortunates, may be seen, in the dullness of their houses, in the heaviness of their looks, in their early going to bed, and their "sleepings on benches in the afternoon:" to say nothing of the relief they experience from two sermons, and an evening lecture on Sundays, with the long commentary on their accompanying events. "Mr. A. sat in the Q's pew; I wonder what that means."—"The W's are all in deep mourning; another legacy, no doubt!"—"Double-text has preached that sermon till I am tired of hearing it. It has served for a charity sermon, a funeral, and a general

fast, with the sole alteration of the citation from scripture." "That shut Sally Seagrim is again with——" But enough. If this is intellectual life, give me a city feast, or a meeting of creditors.

It was observed in France, that a nobleman could not spend six months on his estate, without losing much of the polish and refinement of the court; and I solemnly declare, that when my neighbours, old Cash and his wife and daughters, return from their trip to Worthing, (it is not altogether so bad with Brighton,) they seem to be quite another sort of creatures. Not a trace of the *deus espris* of Finabury remains on their persons. Their ideas are as sun-burnt as their faces; and I should not be surprised to hear of their being beset by the pick-pockets in Fleet-street, as so many country puts. What can be more conclusive against a country life, than the pains universally taken to make all the summer retreats of our banished citizens as like the town as possible, and to banish by every imaginable device, all chance of an intrusion of rural ideas? Go to Cheltenham and Leamington, to Brighton or Margate, no two peas are more alike, than these are to London. There you will find balls, promenades, theatres; and hackney-coaches and pastry-cooks, and methodist meetings, and jewellers, and news-rooms, and hair dressers; and I am heartily convinced, that ere long we shall hear even of a stock exchange. If this does not convince, nothing on earth will. In leaving London, country is the last thing folks think about. *Calum non animum mutant*. By a sort of common consent, while the common folks are thus imitating the capital, the Londoners are building London out of town. In a short time we shall see these extremes, like most others, meet. The whole island will be covered with dingy bricks and mortar, till not a green field will be left; and the landed interest will be driven to confine their efforts at legislation to the protection of their mignonette pots, and the preservation of the sparrows on their chimney tops. A consummation, I say, most devoutly to be wished; and the sooner it is completed, the better I shall like it. Neither is this, after all, so selfish a wish. Every one to his liking, say I: but if, after the perusal of this paper, there should yet remain any advocates for a country life, can't they go to Switzerland, and pass their summers in making a pathway over Mont Blanc, and scribbling nonsense in the inkkeeper's police books? or if they are tired of that, there is very picturesque scenery in New South Wales.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

DIBDIN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MARGATE MANAGER.

"YOUNG DIBDIN" had selected Margate for the scene of his first dramatic attempt; and having a letter from Booth, of Covent-garden, he presented himself to the manager, whom he found on the stage alone, "a very comical, good-natured looking man, in a jacket and trousers, busily employed in painting a scene to be exhibited that evening in Mrs. Inchbald's new play of 'Such Things Are.' I presented him the already opened letter, which he graciously took with one hand, and a pretty ample pinch of snuff with the other; and having glanced his eye over the billet, he said—'I'm sorry, my son!' (his usual address to all his younger actors) 'very sorry, my son! that Booth did not write to me before he put you to the trouble of a journey; it so happens, we are full, very full, full to an overflow, behind the scenes; and I would to Heaven I could say we were ever so before the curtain!'—'What would you have me do, sir?' I asked.—'The best you possibly can, my son!'—'And what is that, sir?'—'I never give advice, and don't, in future, mean to take it; look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint; I had begun it as a grove; and if you'll have the goodness to look at it now, you'll find it is a street.'"

Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin.

A "LADY" MANAGER.

THE following little sketch of a most eccentric personage—Mrs. Baker, of the Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, Faversham, and other theatres, and to which company Dibdin engaged himself in his early days, is amusing and characteristic:—

Mrs. Baker, on my first announcing my name in her presence, asked, without waiting a reply, whether I was not very young on the stage, whether I had got a lodging, and whether, after my journey, I did not want some money; adding, with her usual rapidity of utterance, "I am sure you do, and I won't have my young men get in debt in the town; here is a week's salary in advance, all in silver: show the Deal people a little of this, and

they will be sure to be civil to you in hopes of seeing the rest of it." * * *

This good lady, who read but little, and had learned no more of writing than to sign her name, had been left a widow without any resources but her own praiseworthy (and I am happy to add, profitable) stock of industry; she was at this time beginning to realize the very considerable property she since died possessed of. * * *

The indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene went every morning to market, and kept the box-book, on which always lay a massy silver inkstand, which, with a superb pair of silver trumpets, several cups, tankards, and candlesticks of the same pure metal, it was the lady's honest pride to say she had paid for with her own hard earnings; she next manufactured the daily play-bill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills; cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, a farce from a third, and sewed them neatly together; and thus precluded the necessity of pen and ink, except where the name of a former actor was to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. A sort of levee for those of her establishment who had business with her, while others were rehearsing on the stage, (for her dwelling was generally in the theatre,) filled up the remainder of the morning. Her family, consisting of a son, two daughters, (one of the young ladies being the Siddons and Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company,) together with her sister, and Mr. Gardner the manager, and sometimes a favourite actress or actor, were added to the dinner party, which no sooner separated, than Mrs. B. prepared for the important five hours' station of money-taker at box, pit, and gallery doors, which she very cleverly united in one careful focus, and saved by it as much money in her lifetime as I lost at the Surrey theatre in six or seven years. When the curtain dropped, she immediately retired to her bed-chamber, with the receipts of the evening in a large front pocket, leaving always a supper-table substantially covered for the rest of the family. Twice a week, when the theatre was not open, a pleasant little tea and card-party, concluding at an early hour, filled up the time, which, on other evenings, was allotted to the business of the theatre. When Mrs. Baker (who had many years previously only employed actors and actresses of cherry-wood, holly, oak, or ebony, and dressed and undressed both ladies and gentlemen herself,) first

engaged a living company, she not only used to beat the drum behind the scenes, in Richard, and other martial plays, but was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors. As has before been hinted, her practice in reading had not been very extensive; and one evening, when her manager, Mr. Gardner, was playing *Gradus*, in the farce of "Who's the Dupe," and imposing on Old Doiley, by affecting to speak Greek, his memory unfortunately failed him, and he cast an anxious eye towards the promptress for assistance. Mrs. B. having never met with so many syllables combined in one word, or so many such words in one page as the fictitious Greek afforded, was puzzled, and hesitated a moment; when Gardner's distress increasing by the delay, he rather angrily, in a loud whisper, exclaimed, "Give me the word, madam." The lady replied, "It's a hard word, Jem."—"Then give me the next."—"That's harder."—"The next?"—"Harder still." Gardner became furious; and the manageress, no less so, threw the book on the stage, and left it saying,—"There, now you have 'em all, you may take your choice."—

I remember one very crowded night, patronised by a royal duke at Tunbridge- Wells, when Mrs. Baker was taking money for three doors at once,—her anxiety, and very proper tact, led her, while receiving cash from one customer, to keep an eye in perspective on the next, to save time; as thus:—"Little girl! get your money all ready while this gentleman pays.—My lord! I'm sure your lordship has silver; and let that little boy go in while I give his lordship change.—Shan't count after your ladyship.—Here comes the duke! make haste! His Royal Highness will please to get his ticket ready while my lady—now, sir! now, your Royal Highness!"—"O dear, Mrs. Baker! I've left my ticket in another coat pocket."—"To be sure you have! take your Royal Highness's word; let his Royal Highness pass: his Royal Highness has left his ticket in his *other* coat pocket." *Eclats de rire* followed; and I believe the rank and fashion of the evening found more entertainment in the lobby than from the stage."—

Ibid.

AN IRISH DUEL.

AT an election for Queen's County, between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton, of Garryhinch, about the year 1783, took place the most curious duel of any which have occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, a bois-

terous, joking, fat young fellow,—was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt-end of a horsewhip down his throat the night before, whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said, "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the town's-people went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured, and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments; he changed colour, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them, "blaze away, boys!"

Skelton now recollected his instructions, and lost no time; he cocked both his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Holloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by Jassus!"

"The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming, "Holloa! holloa! you blood-thirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

"Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I stiffened you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he staid till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible;

The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked "why he ran away from the exciseman?"

"Ough thunther!" said Skelton, with his chastest brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcass? Would you have me stop to make a riddle of him, Jemmy?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done all that honour required. The second called him "a coward!"

"By my soul," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! you may call me a coward, if you please; but I did it all for the best."

"The best! you blackguard?"

"Yes," said Frank; "sure it's better to be a coward than a corpse! and I must have been either one or t'other of them."

However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home. His first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.

The exciseman, determined on haling Frank, as he called it, on his recovery, challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, but said he was told he had a right to choose his own weapons. The exciseman, knowing that such was the law, and that Skelton was no swordsman, and not anticipating any new invention, acquiesced. "Then," said Skelton, "for my weapons, I choose my fists; and, by the powers, you gauger, I'll give you such a basting that your nearest relations shan't know you." Skelton insisted on his right, and the exciseman not approving of this species of combat, got nothing by his challenge. The affair dropped, and Skelton triumphed.—*Barrington's Personal Sketches.*

MENTAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Of the many kinds of literary pleasure, that which proceeds from mental associations, is abundantly copious, and too important to be overlooked. "By means of the association of ideas, a constant current

of thoughts, if I may use the expression, is made to pass through the mind while we are awake."^{*} As we have little power to check the current, it is extremely conducive to our happiness as intellectual beings, to take care that it be supplied from pure and salutary springs. The more abundant our stores of useful information, the more pleasurable, we may reasonably expect, will be our train of ideas. And if we are liable to interruption in our thoughts, as we are from a thousand different causes, the new channel, into which the mind is directed, may be equally interesting and advantageous. "Notwithstanding, however, the immediate dependance of the train of our thoughts, on the laws of association, it must not be imagined, that the will possesses no influence over it."[†] But this influence is found to be very feeble, where no labour has been employed in reading and reflection; and in nothing is the superiority of the educated, over those who have made no attainments, more remarkable, than that they are able, in some degree, to control their thoughts. Amidst the number which is suggested, by an acquaintance with history, poetry, and the different arts and sciences, how gratifying to be able to single out one of these, and to make it for awhile the object of attention. By the laws to which I am alluding, and which are inexplicable, even by philosophers, the same idea is often, on separate occasions, presented under a variety of aspects; in consequence of which, if our ideas are worthy of contemplation, it is easy to see, what an immense accession may be made from this source alone, to our sober and rational enjoyments. The following passage, from the writings of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, though not composed with a view formally to corroborate this remark, will, it is hoped, be considered a happy illustration. "If, for example, when I am indolent and inactive, the name of Sir Isaac Newton accidentally occurs to me, it will perhaps suggest, one after another, the names of some other eminent mathematicians and astronomers, or of some of his illustrious contemporaries and friends; and a number of them may pass in review before me, without engaging my curiosity in any considerable degree. In a different state of mind, the name of Newton will lead my thoughts to the principal incidents of his life, and the most striking features of his character; or, if my mind be ardent and vigorous, will lead my attention to the sublime discoveries he made; and gradually engage me in some philoso-

^{*} Stewart.

[†] *Ibid.*

phical investigation. To every object, there are others which bear obvious and striking relations; and others, also, whose relation to it does not readily occur to us, unless we dwell upon it for some time, and place it before us in different points of view." We cannot fail to be often struck, with the sudden and unexpected manner, in which some of the most splendid sentences, in the authors we have read, are awakened in the memory. The mind is, probably at the present moment, unconscious of anything important in the nature of its ideas; while in the next, it may, without any apparent warning, be swept in pleasing astonishment, at some great event, which it is led to trace from its earliest beginnings, to the last consequence; or it may be, all at once, enchaind by the most conclusive reasonings, or by the sublimest imagery. The narration of the simplest story, the sight of an object, the hearing of a particular sound, or the bare mention of a word, has often brought to recollection, passages, which have produced an elevation of thought and feeling, that no wealth could purchase, or any external dignity confer.

Hathaway's Essays.

SONG.

THE lily bells are wet with dew;
The morning sunbeams kiss the rose;
And rich of scent, and bright of hue,
The summer garden glows.
Then up, and weave a garland, sweet,
To braid thy raven hair,
Before the noontide's withering heat
Strike on those flowerets fair.

A sickening cloud is in the sky,
A murmuring whisper in the gale;
They tell that stormy rain is nigh,
Or desolating hail.
Then up, and weave a garland, sweet,
To deck thy glossy hair,
Nor wait till evening tempests beat
Upon those flowerets fair.

Miss Mitford's Dramatic Scenes.

Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,
Anecdote and joke:
Our recollections;
With gravities for graver folk.

JOHN KEMBLE.

It is said of that admirable actor and worthy man, the late Mr. Kemble, that he would frequently, from the habit of declaiming, talk blank verse in conversation as unconsciously as the Bourgeois gentilhomme talked prose; and one of

his theatrical friends used to imitate him in the act of addressing a beggar, to whom he had just given a penny, in the following heroics:—

"Kemble. See that thou hast a penny.
Beggar. (*Looking into his hand.*) I have, sir.

Kemble. (*Turning to his friend.*) Banister!

It is not often that I do these things,
But—when I do, I do them handsomely."
Edinburgh Review.

THE AUTHOR OF BERTRAM.

A DIGNITARY of the church, who became interested by some accident in Maturin's circumstances, and was anxious to improve them, called upon him for the purpose of offering him some clerical promotion, or of consulting him as to the means of forwarding his advancement. It was during the time that Maturin was composing *Bertram*, and before he became an avowed writer: his works, however, were sufficiently well known to entitle him to the character of an author, and I believe the object of the good visiter was to rescue the poet from the necessities that forced him to write

"Profane conceits and fantasies"—

and to enable him to devote all his abilities to the offices of his spiritual calling. The reverend doctor was formally ushered into a sitting-room, the poet being engaged at the moment in his study. He waited for some time very patiently, but the fascination of some frenzied scene was upon Maturin, who felt little compunction in sacrificing the divine to the drama; and it was not till after an half-hour's delay that the poet made his appearance. He entered the room suddenly, reciting some rapturous passage—a part of the manuscript play in one hand, the pen in the other; his person attired in a theatrical morning-gown—his attitude that of an inspired *provisante*, his arms tossing, and his eyes strained, and thus continued his oration until he wound it up, by flinging himself on the sofa, beside the astonished minister. This unlucky interference of the ruling passion lost to poor Maturin whatever patronage or advantage might have been derived from the intended friendship of his visiter, whose nerves or habits were ill qualified for the grotesque exhibition presented by the curate of St. Peter's: in vain did Maturin endeavour to neutralize the effects of his *mal-apropos* enthusiasm; and the only gleam of ecclesiastical hope that ever broke upon him thus came and vanished in the same instant!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

DR. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON, when a lady who travelled with him in a carriage, remarked that she could not hear him in consequence of the noise, is said to have answered, "Madam, the stripetuousity of circumrotary motion renders the modulations of ordinary discourse inaudible; and the cartilaginous materials which compose our auricular members become stultified to the exercise of their natural functions!"—*Ibid.*

ORTHODOX OBSEQUIOUSNESS.

A CLERGYMAN, not long ago, was called upon by the bishop of his diocese, with whom he was well acquainted. On going away, the prelate discovered around the house a number of sporting dogs of all kinds, on which he said to the owner, who expected promotion in the church through his prelate's influence, "Mr. —, I do not like sporting parsons—what a variety of dogs you have here!" The bishop's back being turned, the parson went to the servant, and said, "John, hang all these dogs, and when you see any of the bishop's servants, tell them what you have done!"—*Ibid.*

MR. COLERIDGE.

In conversation upon authors borrowing from each other, I observed to Mr. —, that Mr. Coleridge could not be accused of this in "Christabel," for certainly the poem was original, whatever opinions might be held upon its merits. "Nonsense," he replied; "the very 'To whito, to whoo,' is borrowed." From whom? I inquired. "Why, from the second book of old Quarles, in his 'Emblems,'" replied the cynic; "look for it—'To wit—to woe'—it is rank plagiarism!"—*Ibid.*

MAJOR TOPHAM.

THIS well-known character, who established the "World" newspaper, and afterwards retired into the wolds of Yorkshire to breed greyhounds, once invited a friend to dine with him, who was in fear of being arrested for debt. The party was seated at dinner, when a loud knock at the door produced more than a common degree of alarm on his friend's countenance, while he, observing him start, said, "What, my dear —, startled by knocker? You are not at home, recollect—yet of men in your circumstances, my friend, Gray well says,

'Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.'"

Ibid.

BOLINGBROKE'S CLARA.

AMONG the ballad-singers in chief repute during the time of Swift, Bolingbroke,

Gay, Steele, &c. (when as yet that tuneful tribe stood high in estimation) there was a young creature, now known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at this time by the sweetness and pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of *Black-eyed Susan*, and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced into the *Beggars' Opera*. But her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her having for many years been the object of Lord Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship had not seen her; and it was after that interval, that, having met her, he addressed to her the tender lines, beginning—

"Dear thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe for once the lover and the friend."

And concludes thus,—

"To virtue thus and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored;
Be to thy Harry kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you!"

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges, at the Court of Requests.—*Man of Letters.*

Miscellanies.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN FISH.

THE two following instances of tenacity of life in the shark, are recorded by the French traveller, M. L. de Freycinet. A fish of this species, about ten feet long, and from which the head and entrails had been removed, was left upon the deck of a vessel, apparently dead. In about ten minutes, the sailors, who were preparing to wash the deck, seized the fish by the tail, to drag it forward; when the creature made such violent efforts, as almost to overthrow the persons around it. In the other instance, the animal had been completely eviscerated more than two hours, but sprang up several times upon the deck, when a sailor laid hold of its tail, designing to cut it off with a knife; a hatchet was necessarily had recourse to for the operation.

SAINT ELMO'S LIGHT.

In the month of June, 1808, passing from the Island of Ivica to that of Majorca, on board a Spanish polacca ship, fitted as a cartel, and manned by about thirty ruffians, Genoese, Valencians, and Catalonians, a fine southerly gale, by seven in the evening, brought us within

six or seven leagues of the anchorage in Palma Bay. About this time, the sea-breeze failing us astern, was shortly succeeded by light and baffling breezes off the land. No sooner had the setting sun withdrawn his golden beams from the tops of the lofty hills, which rise to the westward of the town, than a thick and impenetrable cloud, gathering upon the summit of Mount Galatzo, spread gradual darkness on the hills below, and extended at length a premature obscurity along the very surface of the shore. About nine, the ship becalmed, the darkness was intense, and rendered still more sensible by the yellow fire that gleamed upon the horizon to the south, and aggravated by the deep-toned thunder which rolled at intervals on the mountain, accompanied by the quick rapidity of that forked lightning, whose eccentric course and dire effects set all description at defiance. By half-past nine, the hands were sent aloft to furl top-gallant-sails, and reef the top-sails, in preparation for the threatening storm. When retiring to rest, a sudden cry of St. Elmo and St. Ann was heard from those aloft, and fore and aft the deck. An interpreter called lustily down the hatchway, that St. Elmo was on board, and desired me to come up. A few steps were sufficient, and, to my great surprise, I found the top-sail-yards deserted, the sails loose, and beating in the inconstant breeze, the awe-struck and religious mariners, bare-headed, on their knees, with hands uplifted, in voice and attitude of prayer, in earnest and muttering devotion to St. Elmo or St. Ann, according to the provincial nature of their speech.

On observing the appearance of the masts, the main-top-gallant-mast-head, from the truck, for three feet down, was perfectly enveloped in a cold blaze of pale phosphorous-looking light, completely embracing the circumference of the mast, and attended with a flitting or creeping motion, as exemplified experimentally by the application of common phosphorus upon a board; and the fore and mizen top-gallant-mast-heads exhibited a similar appearance in a relative degree.

This curious illumination continued with undiminished intensity for the space of eight or ten minutes, when, becoming gradually fainter and less extensive, it finally disappeared, after a duration of not less than half-an-hour.

The seamen, in the mean time, having finished their devotions, and observing the lights to remain stationary, returned promptly to the yards, and, under favour of this "spirit of the storm," now quickly performed that duty, which, on a critical conjuncture, had been abandoned, under

the influence of their superstition and their fears. During the prevalence of the lights, as well as through the remaining hours of night, the wind continued, except in occasional puffs, light and variable; and the morning ushered in with a clear sky, a hot sun, and a light southerly breeze, which, in due time, brought us safe to the anchorage of Palma.

Conversing with the interpreter on the nature of this extraordinary atmospherical phenomenon, he expressed his implicit belief that it was provided by the immediate power of St. Elmo, the tutelar deity of "those who travel on the vasty deep," in regard to their interests in a moment of sudden danger; and used every argument to persuade me that the present safety of the ship was owing to the appearance of the light, and its remaining where it did; but if it had descended from thence to the kelson, as he had often seen it, the event would have prognosticated a gale of wind or other disaster, and, according to the depth of the descent, so would be the nature of the evil to come. In the present instance, the lights gradually disappeared, like the snuff of a candle, and the weather continued clear and fine for several subsequent days.

This phenomenon, by many, is held to be fabulous, and is so alluded to by the greatest living poet of the day:—

"Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's cap, and Elmo's light;"

but Falconer, both seaman and poet, writing from experience, says,

"High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze."

In order, however, to illustrate more fully the character of those very pious and devoted seamen, who attracted the favour of the saint on the present occasion, it must be understood, that this visitation of St. Elmo took place immediately on the first burst of the Spanish Revolution, and that these very men had but recently figured as the bloody instigators and perpetrators, along with other patriots, in the massacre of several unfortunate Frenchmen, long resident in the city of Valencia for the peaceful purposes of commerce.

THE DATE TREE.

THE diet of the Arabian tribes in Persia is more frugal than that of any other of the inhabitants of that kingdom. It consists chiefly of dates. But what others would consider a hardship, habit, with them, has converted into an enjoyment; and the Arab deems no food more delightful than that upon which he lives. Some years ago, a woman, belonging to

one of the Arab families settled at Abusheher, had come to England with the children of the British resident at that place. When she returned, all crowded around her, to hear the report of the country she had visited. She described the roads, the carriages, the horses, the wealth and splendour of the cities, and the highly cultivated state of the country. Her audience were full of envy at the condition of Englishmen, and were on the point of retiring with that impression, when the woman happened to add, that the country she had visited only wanted one thing to make it delightful. "What is that?" was the general inquiry. "It has not a date-tree in it," said she. "I never ceased to look for one all the time I was there, but I looked in vain." The sentiments of the Arabs who had listened to her were in an instant changed by this information. It was no longer envy, but pity, which they felt for men who were condemned to live in a country where there are no date trees.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Hutton*.

COLMAN told an apothecary lately who brought him in a tolerably heavy charge for medicine and visits, that he could return his visits, and dispense with his medicine.

"I HAVE lived," said Dr. E. D. Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate.—The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all:—keep them all going."

M. TALMA's father, about thirty years ago, had lodgings in Chester, and practised as a dentist. A Miss Daniels, a young actress, with her mother, also lodged in the same house. Miss Daniels, at that time, had a completely foreign accent, and was practising a song in Dudley Bate's opera of *The Woodman*, in which there was a frequently repeated passage of "Tell me, tell me, tell me," which Miss D. mispronounced "Tall ma, tall ma, tall na!" Talma, sen., who was in the room above, hearing these words given with so much expression, imagined the young lady was suffering from the tooth-ache, and wanted his assistance; he selected his terrific instru-

ments; and peeping in at the siren's door with a crimson nightcap on, exclaimed, "You want me, Miss! here I am!—I take out your toote incessamment, and I prevent you make that discordant noise again."

If you wish to be happy for a day, get well shaved; if for a week, get invited to a wedding; if for a month, buy a good nag; if for half a year, buy a handsome house; if for a year, marry a handsome wife; if for two years, take Holy Orders; but if you would be always gay and cheerful, practise temperance.

An advertisement in an Irish paper, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from *metal window-sashes*, among other particulars, observed that "these sashes would last for ever; and afterwards, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

An Irishman was brought before a bailiff at Ipswich, on a charge of having *old wives!* The bailiff asked him how he could be so hardened a villain, as to delude so many? "Please your worship," says Pat, "I was only trying to get at a good one."

WE should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give lustre to each other: like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are so managed that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

PARR was strongly adverse to quackery in education. Old Dr. Busby, he observed, had a surprising faculty of bringing boys forward in a short space of time, whilst he was master of Westminster school. But it was not by short cuts, but through the old established highway of learning. Learning the ancient languages without the aid of grammar, was an idea as old as Roger Ascham, who tried it for some time upon one of his pupils, but became afterwards convinced of its inefficacy, observing that it was attempting to get in at a window instead of climbing the staircase.

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